THE

UNVEILING:

OR,

WHAT I THINK OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY DR. P. B. RANDOLPH.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED HIS WORLD-FAMOUS

MEDICINAL FORMULAS.

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PREFACE.

Long have I striven to induce Dr. Randolph to write out briefly his views of Modern Spiritualism—which he, above most men, has had so great, so varied, and in some respects, so terrible an experience. I strove in vain until hundreds of correspondents and patients, anxious to know just where he stood, united with me in the task of persuasion. At length he consented—wrote what follows, except the appendix, and then threw the MSS aside. I gathered together, read it, thought it altogether too good to keep—and so here it is, that's all, except that in order to render it well worth the price asked he concluded to add the Appendix, which contains information that I have a thousand times proved to be worth the sum asked for the pamphlet fifty, aye, a hundred times over.

M. J. R.

Boston, June 1860.

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"Thou great first cause! least understood,
Who all my sense confined;
To know but Thee — that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;
If I am RIGHT, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am Wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way."

IT is the solemn, silent midnight hour; the clock upon the shelf has just tolled the requiem of another dead day — the last of myriads that have gone before, the first of myriads yet to be! A moment since, and a new-born Hour began its strange, eventful, fitful life, and we are—HERE! A few more springing into being, shall find us—WHERE? Perhaps rejoicing at a safe deliverance from sin and its consequences; perhaps mourning over wasted strength and blasted hopes on the other side of Time.

"To be or not to be?" after life's fitful fever is o'er, is a most tremendous question to be asked — a mighty problem to be solved; and yet from the thickest ranks of the people who based human immortality on the remarkable manifestations made by invisible agents, to-day goes forth the startling cry:

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"ALL MEN ARE NOT TO BE!" Untold hosts of human beings are doomed to a sleep that shall never more know waking — to a death to last forever! This cry has startled thousands: it has carried icy despair to hearts once filled with Hope. It has plunged many a soul into a misery too fearful for the damned to suffer;—and all the more surely and bitterly, coming as it does from the lips of those who gained their daily food by dispensing the bread of immortal life;—causes agony all the more wretched because uttered by those who, in their heart of hearts, KNOW BETTER;—for, as God is my judge, I do not believe that one of these "non-immortality people" believe the dreadful sophistry. They tell us that "Spiritualism led them to their conclusions." It may be so; but if such is to be the result of "Spiritualism," in God's name, let us wash our hands of the whole thing and fall back on common principles. But I don't believe these people know what they are talking about; much learning hath made them mad; for they tell us in one breath that Spiritualism leads to everlasting life, and also to eternal DEATH. Both propositions cannot be true. Man must be immortal, because he is man. That settles it. A tree cannot be a tree and not a tree at the same time! Either we survive death as spirits, or we do not. If we do, it is by reason of our human nature; which, all men possessing in common, guarantees a life beyond to all of us. If we are not, it results from an infinite mistake or oversight on His part who doeth all things well, and therefore, at death we shall all be eternally blotted out of being. Horrible!

It is to write a few thoughts on this and a cognate question or two, that I now sit at my table to fulfil what I regard as a bounden duty,

And it is night when I begin my brief task. Sixty minutes more, and this hour will have recorded its joyous and its fearful history upon the everlasting scroll of Time. A moment more, and a new host of circumstances, another crowd of des-

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tinies will be here to cumber, free, or to circumvolve us all — not one shall escape. Circumstances and destinies to be encountered and borne by us poor, weak and erring human beings — and we all, if the last philosophical dogma be true, may fold our hands in mute despair, as we are whistled down the wind into a gulph, whence we *may* escape with being, and wherein also we may be forever drowned.

Another day is here. Through it we are to carry on this round of human strife, but Ah! who shall describe the anguish the bloody sweat, the soul-wrung tears of the great multitude, in the terrible coming conflict, fore-doomed to this new day?

Around me at this moment strange memories are clustering, the flitting ghosts of departed days, dead joys, blighted hopes, and hours filled with agony, and yet I may not look for a life beyond the grave, nor may millions such as I! Weird memories of strangled pleasures are here, and with them, trooping shadows of the "Might have been," but for cruel circumstance. Yet the eternal God placed us here to bitterly mock me, and all who are human, with shadowy hopes of an Hereafter.— Placed the cup of immortality to our lips; we joyfully lift it, are about to taste, when He suddenly dashes it to earth, and all the arching heavens ring with His sardonic laughter. Who believes this? Do you?

Above me stretches the vast blue sky, with all its teeming millions of things whereof we know not anything. Beneath me lies the dust and cinder, the ruins and the ashes of all the dead ages. About me on all sides, is a boundless realm of mysteries, mysteries in little things as well as in great; and within me I feel a mightier mystery still—Soul; the deathless, aspiring soul, struggling almost vainly for light, more light, on what environs it, and to express that which it already knows. I feel that soul to be immortal. What is for me is for all. We all want to live in the Great Beyond. This want is no proof, certainly that we *shall* so live—in itself considered; but this want

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is only the outward expression of an inward prescience; this prescience is the God within us — it is the mind. God made man in his own image, not physically but mentally; all there is of God is mind. Not the body but the mind makes up the man. Mind is deathless; and man being mind also, it follows, that while God lives we shall, and when He is blotted out we shall no longer want to be. And until he shall give signs of old age or decay, I shall believe him true, and all non-immortalists mistaken.

At this solemn hour all is hushed and still about me, save the tick, tick of the time-piece, and the strange, wild throbbing of my heart. A heart pulsing for a something it hath not yet achieved, but which it longs and yearns to; a heart, too, which few — none perhaps, save God — knows anything about; for hearts are not easily known, and few but Him can sound their deeps of bitterness and woe, count their pain-throbs, or plumb their wells of agony. And now, urged on by an irresistible impulse, originating in and emanating from the soul itself, the the writer of this is about to put pen to paper to give briefly a few of the results of his experiences of two sorts of Spiritualism. Everybody knows that P. B. Randolph is a *sang Melee*, —a sort of compound of a variety of bloods. It is so; nor is he sorry.

With the great disadvantage of an unpopular complexion, and a very meagre education to back it, in the early days of what has since become an extended movement, I embraced Spiritualism; rapidly passed through several stages of mediumship, and finally settled down as a trance speaker. This step I now regard with feelings widely different from those entertained on this subject some years ago. The evidence presented me was sufficient to carry complete conviction of the actuality of spiritual intercourse. I believed in it then; I believe in it still; yet, while once believing that *all* spirits were good, 'tis not so now by any means, for beyond all question there are

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more than one kind of spirits in communication with the world to-day. At least there are two ; the one being good and few, shading off into the indifferent and numerous, and finally ending in the decidedly bad, whose numbers I believe to be very great, whose power I know to be enormous. From amongst this latter class men can obtain endorsers to and for any iniquity under Heaven ; for instance, that Slavery is right, promiscuity a divine thing, adultery not objectionable, bastardy a fair thing, God a perfect myth, Jesus Christ a nobody, and worse than all the rest—that some men are not immortal, and children under seven years, if they die, do so body, soul and spirit.

Such spirits prompt man to evil deeds—lechery, abortions and revenge; not by direct teaching always; but by infusion of their spheres, their auras, the exuvia of hell itself—by which is meant, the sum of all wickedness. They come often as angels of light, exactly as do their earthly counterparts. Why shouldn't they? The sun shines on the evil and the good here; bad men can visit, molest and torment good ones, why not then evil beings from the other side do the same? They unquestionably do; but while they assume the disguise of friendliness, in reality they are poison as a pestilence, worse than a cobra, because they fang our very souls. Of course these post-mortal worthies deny God, Christ, the Bible, and all else that's really good and true. Where persons get fully en-rapport with this class of beings they are thenceforth on the highway to misery most exquisite. It is this sort of spirits who paint false visions on the mental tablets of mediums, and spread reports about "Progress," spiritual life, localities, &c., which so often prove unsatisfactory; and which are in most cases as untrue as that one and one make ten. Beings of this class I call vampyres, (see Dhoula Bel, or the Magic Globe), for their whole aim and end is to seize upon and obsess or possess some unprayerful (they cannot upon any other!) magnetic person, mainly of ardent temperament, generally those who are rather ignorant; and

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the first result thereafter is that Miss A. falls in love with an honest woman's husband, and does her prettiest to get him all to herself; or Mr. W. finds that his wife, who has put up with hard fare ever since she was wheedled into marrying him, and who has borne his children in agony inexpressible,—I say Mr. W. finds her growing too old and distasteful for *his* holiness, and so deserts her almost, if not quite,—deserts her and her two or more children, and goes roaming about the world, displaying his eloquence and flippantly preaching about doing to others as he'd be done by!—at so much a lecture. Those en-rapport with the class of invisibles alluded to, act as if they were, as indeed they are, possessed, if not by the devil, at least by a power which approximates thereto in wickedness. The victims are perhaps not so much to blame for the *first* results of the baleful obsession, but having once discovered, or been clearly shown its character, and thereafter continuing the fearful friendship, there is not only guilt attached to them, but a penalty has inevitably to be paid, whose exactions will indeed prove terrible; for the fiends will sport with them, (perhaps as God's corrective agents) until at last, throwing off the mask, they appear in their true light; and defy the miserable one's most strenuous efforts to escape. "They shall be plunged into the depths, nor come thence till the uttermost farthing is paid."

To an observant person, the line between orderly and holy spiritual intercourse, and that which alone is responsible for all the evil that has attended the march of the general movement, is both distinct and clear. Per example: A sweet and calm, a holy and serene peace attends upon the one, and the direct opposite results from the other. All the adulteries and fornications, affinity business and home desertions that have occurred within the ranks of believers since the movement began, is as directly traceable to the influence of the anti-Christian, God-denying, obsessing spirits, as that the fall of the last brick in a row is traceable to the toppling over of its neighbor. Per con-

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tra, all the good that has grown up out of the general movement is just as directly traceable to the Christian wing thereof. There's no mistake about this matter.

Individuals under the general influence of the *mauvaise* movement are pretty considerably elevated—in their own esteem—they are like unto balloons inflated, and need pricking awfully, in order to get them once more on terra firma, and not unfrequently they get it.

Habitually, persons thus possessed, set up business and thrive by serving as oracles, with more or less success, for neophytes who seek for light from the world of souls. A recent writer thus speaks of those here alluded to: "They—the obsessed—promise great things yet perform very little. They exaggerate all things, and mistake 'high falutin' for genuine eloquence, and ignorant of the road to truth, they pretend to be able to show it unto others. "Their appearance," says this writer, "appears to suppose a certain degree of moral delinquency, manifesting itself particularly in sensuality,"—(by which I understand a greater regard for the things of this life, the personal appetites, &c., rather than only depraved amativeness). He proceeds to say: "Next, there appears a weakening of the bodily organization, particularly the nervous system, producing derangement in the whole internal life Again, we often find a subjection of the nervous system, and with this, all the voluntary bodily functions, especially language, to the will of the demon speaking through them; but always so there re-appears, at moments, the consciousness of their own individuality. This state is quite parallel with the trance, *extasis*, or being in the spirit, and speaking with tongues; that is, the effect produced in the *trance*, by the spirit of God, in the *other* case, produced by the unholy element of darkness. The person appears with his own human consciousness suppressed, and a controlling foreign influence on his nervous life. But as there are alternating seasons in which the hostile power is ascend-

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ant, and in which it retreats, so, after a paroxysm, the human self shows out in lucid intervals. We discover, also, in them an enhanced faculty of foreseeing, a kind of somnambulic clairvoyance, similar to that to be met with in the history of animal magnetism. It is thus that their contradictory language is to be explained. At one time, they manifest a deep insight into truth; at another, rude popular notions are mixed up in their words, so that their conversation has the fearfully vivid character of the warring and confused talk of madmen, who not unfrequently give utterance to striking thoughts, but so connect them with other elements, that the splendor of the thought is only a more melancholy testimony of the greatness of the derangement in the seat of life, whence it issued."

Again: "Some are agitated throughout the whole body; others, in some of their members; others, again, are entirely quiet. Sometimes there are pleasing harmonies, dances, and according voices, and sometimes the reverse. Again, the body either appears taller or larger, or is borne aloft through the air, or is affected by the opposite of these. Good spirits communicate with good men, of course; but the wicked spirits insolently invade things sacred, and introduce irregularities—make one spirit appear for another—wicked spirits for good ones—vaunt glorious speeches, and arrogate to themselves unreal powers. Debarred by their own iniquity from pure spirits, they attract evil ones by affinity, and impel them to iniquity."

I think this charge is rather too strong; why, it will be seen in the latter pages of this pamphlet.

It is, I think, high time that the line between the good and evil was clearly drawn. Would I had means to publish my whole thoughts on this matter. But I have not, and so shall do the best I can in these few pages.

I beg leave to quote at this point the opinion of the Rev. T. L. Harris.—London Sermon, p. 27 *et seq*:

"The mesmerist habitually imparts the finest essences of his

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own frame. He depletes himself of the blood of the nerves. He literally gives himself to others. It may be the highest of all acts, as when a good man, moved by an inspired sentiment of duty and of love, pours in the life-giving efflux from the choicest spirit-breakers in his own heart and brain. It may be merely a professional act, exercised in profound ignorance, thoughtlessly, and as a ready means of livelihood. And it may be a most infernal act, as when the man makes use of the electric streams as telegraphic lines, for the purpose of flashing in enslaving or destroying purposes, upon the moral will, which he seeks to make a slave. It cannot long remain, morally, a neutral act.

"The mesmerizer soon penetrates to occult secrets, which I dare not here name. In the majority of instances he discovers himself not alone to give out odylic force, but, in turn, to receive it—to receive it from unseen fountains of supply. He is led to the threshold of a conscious mediumship, and the slightest falling off upon his part from conscience, and the sense of moral obligation, cuts him off from the upper sources, which are Divine. He then receives from the lower sources, which may at first be mainly from attendant spirits of a dubious morality, but which at last are from those fixed in the wickedness of hell. Unless, therefore, the mesmerist continually becomes more self-abnegating, more humanly just and noble, more angelic, the very practice of his art, whatever be the respectability of the assumed appearance, causes him to become internally a huge receiving reservoir of the magnetism of the lost. Spirits, invisible to sight, are his mesmerists from the lower world, who, in the proportion with which he fills patients and subjects with himself, surcharge him with themselves. A fearful consideration.

"Now, the odylic emanations which surround every human being, include the organism in a powerful preservative and resistant sphere. This is perpetually replenished from the Divine

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life, which flows into the human heart, and is distributed through the lungs, through the air vessels, through the pores of the whole frame. When a wicked person approaches with the intent to deceive, to possess, or to inflict any species, either of physical or moral wrong or ruin, this dense odylic sphere is a protection, which, especially concentrating itself around the brain and heart, acts as a resisting shield.

"The mesmerist who exercises his vocation in the Lord, seeking only to impart a pure influence for ends of purity, a good influence for ends of good, is superintended during the mesmeric process, by his or her guardian angel. The stream becomes two-fold—natural from the human operator, heavenly from the angelic superintendent. The odylic sphere, encompassing the patient, is opened, and the instreaming essences rapidly appropriated to the building up of the impaired organs of the frame, after which the odylic sphere is closed, as before.

MESMERISM AND DEMONIACAL POSSESSION.

"Otherwise it is with the mercenary; otherwise with the operator intent on self-seeking or enslaving ends. He is presided over, not by the angel, but the demon. Through their combined will-force the odylic sphere is torn apart, or riven by electric bolts, or burst by concussion: after which, vast bodies of deleterious magnetism are lodged within the system; physical health may seem for a time to be restored, but the odylic sphere once conquered, most frightful consequences may ensue.

"Consequence first: subjugation by the familiar spirit. We are all followed by familiar spirits. Their perpetual effort is to control thought and feeling, to make us their passive agents. Multitudes of spiritual media in Europe and America, though I admit a considerable exceptional class, are ruled by spirits. There are prowling bodies of marauders upon the unseen border-land between the natural and spiritual worlds. When the

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odylic sphere is broken, the Divinely fashioned barrier which surrounds the body is no longer closed against their access. In the multitude of cases, the unguarded person is exposed to mesmeric influences from these robbers who infest the desert of the inner death. They may be divided into two classes:—first, the vampyre; and second, the possessor; one seeking to rob the body of its most essential life; the other endeavoring to pollute the inner tabernacle of the soul itself.

"I use the term "vampyre" to denote a class of wandering spirits, exceedingly corporeal and brutal, who maintain a hold on Nature by means of odylic bodies, encompassing the true spirit-form. As these odylic bodies continually waste away, they endeavor to reconstruct them by appropriating to themselves all the more impalpable, ethereal essences of the living human body. They literally, when once fastened upon a system opened to them, through the rupture of the odylic sphere, eat out the animal spirits, causing mania, hysteria, insanity, decline or suicide.

"Simultaneously with this process, the "possessor," whose warfare is against the spirit, rather than its tabernacle, makes, if possible, a lodgment in the body of the mind and will. When this lodgment has been obtained, the unfortunate subject rapidly becomes a medium in the full sense, using the word however, as denoting, not the mediatorial state of order, but of disorder. The manifestation of that mediumship will now be such as shall be decided; first, by the qualities of the enslaved organization; second, by the *directions* which the possessing fiend shall receive from his or her infernal rulers. For instance, if their plans can best be carried out by making the man or woman disbelieve that there are such beings as spirits, or any life beyond nature, the mind becomes an epitome of organized Sadduceeism. If it is their cue to heap contempt upon religion in the house of its friends, they make their subject reveal a malignant, mock piety.

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If great personal charms exist, they develop the serpent-tongued, unscrupulous deceiver.

"If, however, (though here there be restraint), they succeed in getting full possession, body and soul, they have found an instrument through which to carry out sorcery on the broadest scale upon the earth's inhabitants. If the imagination is at their control, they can mirror upon its lensic organs, such mock pictures of paradise as might deceive the very elect; personating upon that magic surface any human form, and human face. If the sensations are subject, then, as by a more insidious process of serpent charming, delights are produced, for deceptive ends, enrapturing as those said to follow the use of *hashessh*, or pastiles of opium. If they obtain mastery of the organs of speech, they can talk, sing, preach, argue, pray—do all in fine with the voice, and more than its rightful owner can. If the whole line of the nervous system is opened to their electrical projections, they are then in a condition to produce the vibratory concussions, known as "spirit rappings." If, from internals to externals, the whole body is thoroughly at their command, they can eliminate from it the various chemical constituents in their higher potencies, and through the absorption of its particles, reproduce objective "spirit-hands" as they are styled, that is, condensed odylic and magnetic substances, that like bubbles in the shape of organs, may be seen by the natural eye, and made entities to touch. Having thus the various paraphernalia, they can swing mediums through the air, and induce motion upon material substance; all of which would be disbelieved were there not now many thousands of unimpeachable witnesses to the phenomena. Archimedes only asked for a point on which to rest the lever, declaring that then he could move the world. Mesmerism, in the hands of ignorance or presumption, or self-love, or greed of gain, or any illicit desire, becomes the block; and affords the point of lodgment for the Archimedal engine, pressed into action by the brawny shoulder of the or-

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ganic Titan of the pit. It is to Mesmerism, conducted chiefly as a means of gain, or an idle pastime in the first instance, that almost all the disorderly Spiritual Mediumship, almost all of the Lower World Spiritualism of the nineteenth century may be distinctly traced. We have to deal, in Christendom now, not with Satan bound within the confines of the invisible world, but with Satan, through the rupturing of the odylic spheres of the human race, "let loose for a season."

"The rupturing of the odylic spheres, encompassing the human person, is attended, in the second place, with a corruption of the nervous fluids, which breed infinitesimal larvæ, to become parasites, not merely upon, but in and through the entire congeries of organs, making up the form. These taint the atmosphere which surrounds the corporeal body, until the man carries with him, in first principles, the Apocalyptic plagues. The person thus made, in soul and body, a demoniacal agent, becomes poison organized. The breath imparts it; it darts through the eyes; it impregnates garments. Whether avowedly media or not, they communicate a slow, saturating, eating fire, which, imperceptible to natural vision, impregnates and silently destroys the odylic spheres of old and young. To sit at a *seance* with persons in this condition, is to inhale the very virus with which they are infected. It may produce no immediate results; nevertheless, if there is any peculiar taint in soul or body through which it can wind its way into life's citadel, unless arrested by a counteracting Divine power, it prepares the new subject, if not for demoniacal possession, at least for demoniacal persecutions. The *seance* becomes, whenever out of place, out of order, out of utility, the devil's battue, and the unconscious medium the decoy, to bring human creatures within the reach of the deadly marksmen of Antichrist."

Those persons who become, unwittingly, or otherwise, the subjects of the malign influence of which I write, generally reject Jesus Christ, the Bible, God, and all the venerated things of

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the moral world. These are ignored and cast away in contempt and scorn; and the poor dupes of delusion forget that in the very things they cast aside, there is not so much excitement, nor passionalism, pantheism, none of the inanities, insanities or follies, which abundantly characterize the army wherein they are enlisted. This sort of thing calls itself spiritual—and so it is in one sense—that of being promoted, and presided over by invisible beings, but in the nobler, higher, purer sense of that term, it is no more spiritual than brass is pure and solid gold. Elated beyond measure with the notion that because they are oftentimes in communication with invisible worlds, and that they are marching in the van of a grand reformatory army, (which progresses as a man twists rope, backwards), these dupes soon lose all self-control, and gradually become immersed in a morass of morbid sentimentality and distorted philanthrophism; they rapidly get sick, socially, morally, physically sick, nervous and irritable; they are going to reform the world instanter; they get astride this hobby; they mount this promising steed, they give a loose rein, clap spurs to his sides, start out for Heaven, and gallop as straight as a string to—the Devil! Nor will they get back on the highway of common sense, which opens on the turnpike leading unto the port of Peace, until they get *singed*, scorched, badly, *very*.

Whosoever cultivates normal inspiration, by normal aspiration, is sure to come out safely in the end; and those who will take counsel of such as have waded through the dreadful swamps, been recipients of the baptism of sorrow, and purged by the bath of blood, washed clean by their own salt tears, may escape, and land safely on the healthful shores of this great Spiritual River. The man or woman who is attracted to spiritualism ought never for an instant be thrown off their guard by spirits; but above all should NEVER part with consciousness, as ere long they *may* part with conscience, through the PARALYSIS OF THE WILL. Whosever does so, must inevitably lose,—1st,

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self-control; 2d, carefulness; and 3d, a proper sense of human life on earth, and its countless obligations. All men should seek heaven *wide awake*! and this is plainly God's command, else we should not have been endowed, as happily we are, with *normal* aspirations, for which there must be a normal inspiration—healthful food. If this be not so, then Jehovah has made more than one mistake. To resign the will into any other than God's hands, is to have no great central idea of human duty, human usefulness, life, purpose or destiny; and no man, without these personal essentials, can amount to much—he is only half a man, and hardly that; for without a great pivotal idea—even of his own excellence, for it is far from being a silly notion that

"The sense of greatness makes us great,"

he can never even approximate true manhood. Unless he has a belief, a personal creed, a confidence in a strong arm to hold him up, when weary; a central perception and conviction; some great purpose to execute, some thought to popularize for the nations and the ages; some great end and aim in life; unless he has this, and has it to keep and to hold ever and alway before his mind's eye, he counts as a very small atom in the full measure of humanity, and lacks that inestimable thing called "CHARACTER;" not in the vulgar meaning of the term, as signifying good or bad, but character in the Emersonian sense, as conveying the idea of *wholeness, fullness, power*. This priceless jewel, this sign manual of the living God upon the human scroll; this certificate that His work was well done, and cared for when finished; this signet of manhood cannot be had for the asking! It must be worked for, and paid for. This tower of strength must be upbuilded by the brawny arm, the heroic resolve, and unremitting vigilance and exertion, else no man, no woman can ever be greatly useful. Now it is the characteristic of some of these weird intelligences, whom some of us believe to be human spirits, to rob us of the very elements which

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go to constitute this central crown of manhood,—*character;* because they, by destroying the will,—which is inevitably the case where one yields wholly to their magnetic fascination, render the subject a mere tool, a spiritual skip-jack, and foolhardy automaton. Remember, I am writing of evil spirits.

Now a "medium" who is a mere machine, cutting all sorts of intellectual flip-flaps, spurred on from behind by obscene ghosts of obscene wretches, out on a lark from obscene pandemoniums, can by no possibility, while thus influenced, nor for some considerable period of time afterward regain perfect health. Just as the reformed drunkard suffers from the alcoholic shock to his physical and moral constitution. And so it is with the obsessed medium of the class indicated, and they outnumber all others, probably ten to one, they have not, can *not* have, personal dignity or force, no matter what the sex, education, age or circumstances.

To be endowed with CHARACTER, and thereby be rendered useful, the elements of power within their own souls must be gathered up and concentrated, not diffused and dispersed to the four winds of heaven, as they mainly are. Such persons, those with nothing but mediumship to back and sustain them, invariably lack *balance.* They may, and do, talk glibly, and their—as the Indian chief called it, "very much talkee, talkee," although at first it startles and surprises, generally amounts to nothing but a flux of words—altogether nothing else than "talkee." People hearing such for the first time, are apt to imagine it all very fine *while listening*, yet if asked their opinion two days thereafter, will respond, "Yes, I recollect the speech, it was—yes—tolerable, in fact very good; but what it was all about, upon my soul I don't know, therefore can't tell." They have either utterly forgotten, or else it comes up as a half-remembered dream, a misty vagueness with ne'er a solid point. Tis like Shakspeare's

"Tale told by an idiot,
Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

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This fact is getting to be a notable feature in the movement, so that normal speakers, as they should be, are being greatly preferred to trance ones of any order or pretensions; and it will act as a purge to clear the field of persons who lay all their deficiencies of common sense at the door of the invisibles, be they good or bad—imposters who haven't brains enough to serve as bait even for the devil. But in reference to those actually influenced by the obsessing power, I may justly state that the results noted above, do not always spring from either lack of talent, tact, grace or education, as constituents of the "Medium's" make-up, for in these things many of them *naturally* abound; but it does spring from the fact that during their blind slavery to an unseen mastery, they have been sapped, sucked dry by vampyres, of all the elements aforementioned, hence the lack or loss of WEIGHT of character—a thing which this class above all others should cultivate most, and preserve. In all reason, character springs from bulk of soul, and it does seem to me that the class of spirits I now denounce *suck away the very substance of the soul itself*! I have spoken of the soul as a thing of *bulk*. It is so; and however this notion may displease my readers, I am sure that they also recognize this truth, for people continually speak of "fat souls, lean souls, half souls, whole souls, great and little tucked-up-souls,"—a successful guess at truth.

Let me illustrate this idea. A very clear, truthful and familiar example may be found in the well-known fact that one man will execute a tune upon a violin or flute; he will read the music at sight, and perform every note in its proper time and place, all in strict accordance with the rules of art. Presently the piece is finished, the listeners clap their hands, stamp their feet and cry "Bravo! Well done!" In a few minutes thereafter, along comes a little, pale, thin man, whose features are haggard, whose eyes are dull, and who takes up the instrument which the other has just laid down. He elevates it to its prop-

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er position, glances rapidly over the instrument, and then at the music sheets before him. *Now* look at his eye; note his cheek! No longer sunken and haggard, but at the sound of the first sweet tone the one flashes live fire; the other is flushed with the tints of genius. This man plays every note, as did the other, precisely as the written scroll dictated; but heavens, what a difference! He makes the dead instrument fairly speak, in tones supremely human! Every sound goes right to your heart; the spirit pants beneath the magic spell of a nameless charm, and you hold your breath in awe lest you lose one single drop of the delicious melody. Now the difference between the two players is simply a difference of CHARACTER in the men—a difference both of *soul* and its *expression!* Again, let two persons recite a poem—Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," for instance, or that magnificent embodiment of poesy, "Over the River;" let one of these persons be an ordinary school girl of fourteen; you *admire* her performance: but now let a great soul of the same age and culture, a girl like Susie Cluer of Boston, recite either of these poems, and you listen, not to the poem at all, O no! for the poem has become a living, actual drama, enacting before your very eyes;—you see the

"Dark arch, and the black rolling river,"

with its inky tide right before you; and you behold the victim as she plunges over the parapet; you hear the unearthly shriek as the bubbling waters close over her emaciated form; and your very soul agonizes in unison with Susie's gentle, but powerful spirit, and for the

"One more unfortunate weary of breath,
Rashly importunate gone to her death."

And when the last cadences from the lips of the peerless child fall on your ear, and you return to yourself again, it seems that you had been journeying afar off, and been a spectator of an actual tragedy, instead of merely listening to the recitation of

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a little pathetic poem. The difference between the two children is simply one of SOUL; CHARACTER; and this is the precise and ONLY difference between men and women; and rationally accounts for the infinite superiority, in point, power, force, cogency, coherency, eloquence and pathos of the same disembodied intelligence, when speaking through one medium, over the self-same exhibition when in control of another with,— all other things being equal, a less amount of soul.

When a person, no matter of which sex, or what the age, becomes the medium of apocryphal spirits—the unpraying sort, whose pretensions are backed by high flown talk and sonorous names—the leave-taking between that medium and common sense, is a performance that rapidly takes place, and the old friends seldom meet again. Thenceforward, in their public displays at least,—

"Their talk is like a stream which runs
With rapid course from rocks to roses;
They leap from politics to puns,
And skip from Charlemagne to Moses.
Beginning with the laws which keep
The radiant planets in their courses,
And ending with some precept deep
'Bout skinning eels and shoeing horses."

Or, to quote from what is called my "Recantation" Speech:

"He talks of systems, suns and worlds, and "interplanetary spaces."
Then Pelion upon Ossa hurls in speech about the human races.
He leads you through a "vasty realm," in sweet discourse on "primal causes;"
Explains who 'tis that holds the helm, and prates of "Nature" twixt the pauses.
Thro' "Spacial Halls" he roams scot free, and "azure domes" and "Universes."
"The gods," he knows them all, and he "was well acquainted with their nurses!"
He speeds it down the "Mighty Past;" of "Brahma's Egg" he had a view;
A fortnight spent in "Scandergast," and thirty days in "Timbuctoo!"
Where all the gods and little goddies, reviewed he on a desert wild;
Found all philosophers are noddies, "except himself,"—he draws it mild!
Five trillion leagues to him are naught, a century scarcely worth a thought.
To Orion flies in half a minute; comes back, and swears "your foot is in it,"

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For he's discovered forty gods, wood, iron, stone and alabaster,
Some "Mudjdiks, Paloffs, Torrepodds"—"then leaves quite fast and something faster,
Bound for the Mountains of the Moon; he's off—see there—*a la* sky rocket;
But bids you wait, he's coming soon with Luna's horn safe in his pocket;
Comes back, declares the sun is dark, and *swears* he heard the dog star bark;
Asserts "the sacred fire was snatched, and therewith Brahma's egg was hatched."
He "saw the chickens on the sand, norwest half west of Hindoostan.
Five leagues and an inch from Kaffir land,
Saw Krishna, Vishnu, Brahm's great daughters, and Siva, Brahma on the waters:
Met Thor and Wode of cold Norway, there's seventy million gods I say—
Perhaps there is a dozen more on old Iconia's classic shore.
But I've no time to fetch them here, for I've found out a healthful beer
'T'will cure dyspepsia, headache, liver, and I've found the source of Nilus' river.
The Pyramids! I knew the man designed them and drew up the plan!"
Since Plato he has had no match. No, not even Mr. Hatch.
And some others, six or seven, explorers of earth, hell and heaven,
Who've found the devil is no joke; who've sailed o'er hell and smelt the smoke;
"I have dug up old Adam's bones to count his ribs, and heard the groans
Of Cyclops—but I must be off, I fear I've caught the *whooping* cough,
For I met some Indians on my way. Good bye; I'll call another day."

I cheerfully grant that there are exceptions, which, of course, prove the rule. There is a class of trance speakers, happily being nearly "played out," and rapidly giving place to wakeful preachers of common sense, who ascend the platform in a very abnormal and dressical condition, to listen to whom for five minutes would convince a stranger that they had slept on roses, breakfasted on rainbow cutlets, dined on "Worcester's last," topped off with "Webster," nectar and ambrosia, supped upon daffydowndillies, and hob-nobbed with the Muses for the past five years. Many of this class are beautiful females, who although they cannot always please the staid and aged, yet always succeed in moving the rising generation very much indeed.

The most of men are too worldly yet, and not good enough to be either doctored or doctrined by such good looking young women. Grave thoughts are best expressed by grave and aged

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lips. When a female with charms heightened by her condition of trance, attempts to teach a promiscuous audience, a great number of her hearers are very apt to forget what she is talking about, and think of something else not quite adapted to the growth of soul. Sorry for it, but 'tis true nevertheless! From such we have too much word-painting, too great effort to please, astonish and captivate; too much attempt at oratory and display; too few ideas, and altogether too much "talkee! talkee!" Trance speaking is abnormal, therefore, as a general thing, unhealthy to both speaker and hearer. This opinion is reasonable, and might be fortified strongly, were it necessary. I have seen one exception only to this general rule, and that exception is in the case of Mrs. Conant of Boston, a woman of extraordinary powers and capacities, and beyond all question one of the greatest, because the most *useful* of mediums. This lady is the MOUTH-PIECE OF IMMORTALITY, and seems to have been selected by the very heavens to convey the sense of an hereafter to the longing multitudes of earth. She is beyond all doubt the exponent of the better class of spirits, and is protected by them, to the end that through her matchless mediumship, the fact of a post mortem existence may be conveyed to scores of thousands. She is the medium of a Principle, and not merely of individuals on the other side of Time.

There are those, who in the trance state, will inform the wondering souls who listen, exactly what time it took to build the world, and precisely the number of elements it contains. They pronounce Jesus "a capital good sort of personage — fair to middling — but nothing extra!" O, blind teachers, tell us how to follow him. That were far better than the arid stuff ye feed us with.

Through the normal, and Christian speakers, true Spiritualism thunders forth its edicts against the wrong, with a power felt from sea to sea; and in a voice louder, deeper, and more potent than ever issued from the Vatican; and taught by such

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monitors, it is a good lesson to gain. But when the interests of this mysterious and mighty movement are cared for by self-elected eolists, who

> "With large mouths indeed
> Spit forth death, mountains, seas, rocks and spheres,
> And talk familiarly of roaring lions
> As maids of twelve years do of puppy dogs,"

then, if charity dwells with us, we "pity the sorrows of that poor young man," and kindly desire to carry him out from the rostrum, and carefully gather him to his fathers. Spiritualism has made many a man make an ass of himself, and set up for a philosopher with nothing but brass for a capital. Men or women are totally unfit for teachers unless their teachings have an absolutely moral end, and themselves live square up to the mark, and so help me Heaven! I don't believe that more than two in ten of the spirits who control trance mediums are fit company for the inmates of a brothel, much less for those of God's true church.

The Persians say that when a woman meddles with politics, it is time to put our trust in God; and I say that when an addle-headed monomaniac—a loud-mouthed fanatic, urged on by invisible scoffers of God and all things good and true, attempts to enlighten us concerning what lies beyond the range of a healthy normal intellect, then it is time for us to stuff cotton in our ears, and go home quietly.

When I set pen to paper, the purpose was to tell just exactly what my convictions of Spiritualism were—convictions based upon years of experience. I have thus far done so, and shall continue to do so, because I believe good will come of it, believing as I certainly do, that while fanatics will decry, the common sense of the better class of spiritual believers will sustain me. All my life long, I have had to "Face the music," and, God being my helper, expect to till I die. Spiritualism is,

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of two kinds. Here I speak of the evil sort and its mediums, Further on, I shall treat briefly of the good.

The facts of "mediumship" are now too thoroughly demonstrated to need defense, but with reference to it, it may be asked, Cui Bono? To which I reply as follows:

Spiritual mediumship quickens the venous, arterial and nervous life and flow, to an abnormal degree. Well and constantly followed, it is very, *very* unhealthy. Spiritualism has caused many a person to make shipwreck of life, for the reason that when mediumship stepped in, common sense stepped, and very often stays out. Very few among the multitude of mediums enjoy good health. My theory of this fact is this: Mediumship seems to depend upon the presence in, and evolution from the persons of its subjects, of a very subtle fluid—that which the German Von Reichenbach calls "human-od." When this "od" is electrical or negative, the party becomes a rapper or "physical medium." When it is positive or magnetic, the subject is a trance or mental medium of some sort; and of the two, the last is the most dangerous to be trifled with, or if long persisted in. Why? Because the food and drink makes blood; blood makes nervous fluid; nervous fluid changes into "od," and this it is that the malign invisibles use. They *suck it out* of the medium, and in its stead infuse their own immoral sphere or "Hell-od," and thus it is true, literally, when we affirm that the "devil is in" a person. It is this aura of the accursed, and nothing else. When they succeed in driving the natural sphere of a person from him or her, and supply its place with their own, these fiends find it easy work to make the victim believe in all sorts of folly as divine truths. Thus charged, the most absurd and unreasonable things assume sweet, desirable and fair proportions: the most mischievous sophisms are literal truths, and the most pestilent doctrines appear as things divinely beautiful. Once let a man or woman be filled with this effluence of the Evil Ghost, and the road to ruin is wide and fair, and appears

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decked along its banks with the flowers of Paradise. Reason, flashing in upon the soul, may whisper in the ear as the man stands over the yawning gulf, contemplating an ill-deed—the base yielding to some fearful, unhallowed temptation, which he that moment feels may forever imperil the peace of his soul,—yet when the fiend has a good hold, the Hell-tide pours in through a million avenues, the victim's eye closes: his will is utterly drowned out; he yields—he falls. Through sympathy the demon enjoys the feast, and retires when glutted, to laugh "Ha! ha!" at the miserable victims, themselves, save only to Jehovah, being perfectly irresponsible.

No people in the world deprecate scandal, and profess so great charity, in *words*, as this sort of Spiritualists. Yet after twenty-five years of experience with all shades of faith professors, I have seen none, who as a class, are more dogmatic, intolerant, uncharitable, or more eager to cast the first stone at an erring brother, than they. As a class, indeed, they exhibit a remarkable penchant for the delicious tit-bits of scandal, of which their movement is so very prolific. A more inconsistent people does not exist. As a class, they claim that nearly all *good* actions are referable, not to the mediums as individuals, but to spirits who use them as proxies; yet, let one of these spirit-ridden unfortunates, in the wild delirium or deep insanity to which they are subject, commit a fault or error of judgment, and forthwith the hue and cry is raised. These unco righteous Pharisees taboo him or her, and condemn, without a hearing, some poor, insane sinner. This is not like Jesus, who forgave! No; so great is the love for *spirits* that none is left for erring *man*, but the wrong is benevolently shifted from the backs of the "dear angels from spirit land" to the flesh-and-blood shoulders of some poor devil, whose errors and tergiversations are the result of a morbidity directly traceable to spiritual intercourse of the fearful and dreadful character here indicated. Thank God, a better class are rapidly taking the places of the

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sort of Spiritualists alluded to. My experience and observation, since myself have to a great extent escaped the malign influence, is to this effect.

The legitimate use of this great spiritual raid was to convince us of immortality. This purpose being served, to each individual investigator, there he should STOP; and by a wakeful life, and unsleeping endeavor, go on developing the manhood. To keep company with these spirits afterward, is not always a safe or wise proceeding; for the practice of mediumship exhausts the precious fluids I have mentioned, and when thus drained, the victim is especially susceptible to *amorous* fascination, believes this one or that one an "eternal affinity," and thinking self is gratified, actually feeds innumerable vampyres who laugh at his credulity, or hers, as the case may be.

The person who becomes affected with the medium mania, very often neglects to take proper food, air, exercise and rest; and thus, by not devoting proper time to recuperate, he or she rapidly fails, loses the "balance wheel," grows morbidly sensitive, fanatical, sick in body, mind, morals; and finally goes out of the world before half life is fairly over.

In its first degrees, (for there are at least a dozen steps, as in the Mola and Maya of the ancients), mediumship promises an immense advantage, and to some extent fulfils its promises—yet I think very often as a bait or lure. For instance, it preternaturally excites the mental organs—*slowly but surely working back to the physical seat of the propensities*—which, being the weakest spot of the human economy, affords the surest *point d' appui*, whereon the devil plants the infernal lever wherewith to overturn the spirit, and make wrecks of human souls.

After the mind becomes impressed, the subject, while really becoming more susceptible to all sorts of educational influences, is very apt to imagine that a million new avenues to wisdom have been suddenly opened; that they are scholars without the drudgery of study; that they are on the high road to the full

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and complete developement of all the intellectual, and many of the physical faculties; and that, in short, they are on the imperial highway to absolute knowledge. Such persons forget that whatever is acquired without much effort is worth but very little. The old saw has it, "that what comes over the devil's back is sure to disappear under his"—exactly so. This is true. Few gamblers die rich. Few mediums, no matter how much knowlodge they may obtain by means of their quickened faculties, can ever becemo wise without a personal striving. God *gives* us nothing. He *sells* everything; and wisdom at the heaviest, price, and if we gain it, we must pay its price some time or other. In this respect, Dr. Child's Philosophy is the true one. Whatever it may be in regard to other things and points, speaking mediumship is steadily followed, detrimental to the best interests of its subjects, unfitting them for the busy life and practical exercise of the commonest kind of sense.

The first noticeable results are the rapid growth of love of approbation, self-esteem, a glib use of *words*, as beautiful as light, as empty as bubbles, reminding me of a gentleman from Africa, a colored gentleman named Potter, who, because he had the tact to appropriate the brain-fruit of others, which he would deliver glibly enough, imagined himself a second Cato, when in fact, his disgusting pedantry proved him a second edition of Wamba, the Witless. Just so the mere fact of being mediums appears to affect the professors of that art. They get stilted, pompous and grandiose notions of their own importance, sometimes to a degree perfectly awful to contemplate. It is no uncommon thing for them to announce themselves as modern Christs, or near relations to Him, after which they proceed to demolish the Bible, blow up David, sneer at Joshua, and "whack Moses" after the most approved style. Of course there are exceptions, truly humble persons, but this only proves the rule. It may be objected here that the natural character of the medium is the point of attraction to spirits who thus infuse this folly

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into them. I deny the affirmation in toto. "As is the man or woman, so will be their spiritual associates. The *morale* and character of the spirits en-rapport, invariably corresponds to and is determined by the intellectual calibre, the moral stature, and spiritual status of the medium." This was, and to a great extent still is, a capital axiom with many spiritualists. But, when examined in the light, not of "Unfolded Reason," but of simple common sense, could anything be more ridiculously absurd and puerile?

We have seen and heard Harriet Porter of Bridgport, a woman of unblemished personal reputation, giving forth stuff too foul for the inmates of a brothel, when she has been under spiritual control. Where was the affinity in that case? Scores of thousands of similar proofs of the fallacy of this celebrated dogma abound in community. We read in the blassed New Testament that "Jesus Christ, the only Son of the ever-living God, was tempted of the Devil."

I here raise no question concerning the religion of Boston—Monotheism, but affirming only that Jesus was the Model Human Being, I submit that in view of the fact that demons had access to Him, who was purity itself, where was the attraction? —and if they, the fiends, drew nigh unto Him, how much easier must it be for them to approach us, poor erring mortals, who are not shielded by a panoply of virtues?

Christ himself is reported to have been tempted of the devil, in proper person, on a mountain and elsewhere, (and I accept the account literally). If therefore, the above "axiom" be true, then the Lord and Savior was not merely an impostor, but an incarnate fiend beside, for "Like only seeks and is attracted by like," you know!—and it is clear as noonday that the Devil sought Jesus. But what man believes Christ to have been, not merely such a character as that would imply, but that he was stained with crime in the least degree? No, no. He who in the mortal agony of the Passion hour could yet weep for his

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tormentors, and cry, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" *did not* attract the Evil Spirit by affinity. The fact is simply this: Spirits of good have access to us through the inner consciousness, very rarely availing themselves of other and more external means of approach. All others, from the indifferent to the bad, reach us through our electric, magnetic, nervous and odic spheres, or aromal envelopes; nor can we prevent their ingress except by prayer and a constant, unwavering reliance on God himself, who alone and only is mighty to save.

It is politically true that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty;" and it is equally true in relation to the assaults of the tempting demons, whether they be æreal spirits, or the souls of departed evil men. This conviction is that of my very soul. My own susceptibility to their subtle incursions is not yet entirely overcome. Sometimes they attack me by platoons and squadrons, trip me up and throw me down, whence only God and Christ can raise me up.

At this point I will briefly recapitulate my estimate of the Atheistic, Ultra, Radical, Pantheistic, "whack Moses" sort of Spiritualism that I publicly denounced in 1858, and renounced in favor of a better sort—a Christian system; and yet, albeit I have thought I was forever free from its influence, not a day has since passed over my head, that I have not been beset, tempted, tried, castigated, tortured by the infernal host, who in this way make reprisals upon me for declaring them in their true light. Dr. Childs, *was* this, *is* this "All right." I cannot quite think it was.

I left the field of Spiritualism in which formerly my lot was cast, because on strict examination, I found it led me and all its adherents into all sorts of errors, both of action, judgment and philosophy. Experience, bitter as the grave to childhood, proved beyond all question that it was and still is, godless, non-religious, opposed to the Bible, and all ecclesiastical organiza-

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tions. It is subversive of human dignity and public morals, is destructive of all we hold most dear and cherish most sacredly. It denies immortality to untold thousands. It robs us of faith in Christ without giving us a substitute. It robs us of our refuge of religion, cultivates the intellect at the expense of the heart. It is a masked monster—all brain and no body. It gives us a philosophy, unsound, and at best merely speculative, cold, cheerless, selfish and far-fetched, which gradually fastens itself about the soul, devours the affections, and makes man a locomotive encyclopedia without a heart. It addresses the intellect only, and as God intended us to *feel*, as well as *think*, it proves itself anything but the *sine qua non*. It is a bewitching thing—so is a rattlesnake! At first the neophyte rejoices in his new-found freedom, as he falsely supposes it to be. He becomes intoxicated with joy for awhile, revels in rainbow-tinted dreams of bliss; is led on step by step, deeper and deeper into a mazy labyrinth of unintelligible and profitless mysteries; emerges only to embark his soul's fortunes in an exploring expedition to the Land of Shadow; is wrecked on the rocks of doubt, clings to a single plank, dreams on, and not until the cold and chilling fogs of mysticism have frozen his very spirit, does he rouse from his slumber, to find himself on a rough, chaotic sea, which to him, is shoreless, vast and dreary as the icy hand of death. He rests upon a single plank; around him roll and roar the black waves of infidelity; above him is a lurid sky, but no God there to save! Its follower has no chart, no pilot to guide him to the land. Reaction begins, repentance does her work. Fortunate is that soul whose reason is not hopelessly ruined, lost and wrecked; fortunate is that soul that does not totally ignore God, or who, insane, desperate, alone, heart-wrung, and aweary of the world, does not rush madly to the suicide's grave, and into the awful presence of an insulted God, unannointed and unannealed, with all its imperfections on its devoted head! But, thanks to our God, at the moment of

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deepest misery, His hand-maiden, Religion, steps down from her rosy throne, calls to his trembling soul; he may hear if he will. She enters the bark of safety; reaches the sinner ere the black tide engulfs his last and only hope, conveys him to the shore of Truth, sets his feet upon the firm rock of eternal ages, binds up his bleeding wounds, feeds him with the bread of life; warms him in the sunshine of righteousness, breathes into him the breath of a divine existence and numbers him with the sons of God. The will of man is his great prerogative; to all mediums I say, therefore, exert it! Assert your manhood; resist the influence that seeks wholly to subject you to its sway. Beat back the dark and unknown power. I know that many of you, like Macbeth,

> "Pall in resolution; and begin
> To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
> That lies like truth: 'Fear not till Birnam wood
> Shall come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood
> Comes toward Dunsinane."

So with this evil class of spirits and their specious promises. You will be led on, step by step, on and on, and only stop at — Ruin. Resist their dreadful magnetism, for your very susceptibility proves you incompetent to deal with it with safety to yourselves. Leave that to stronger wills and holy men. There is only one chance in billions that the unseen power may mean you *final* good. The chances are that they are demons clad in robes of light. Resist them then, with all your strength, relying on God for perfect salvation; never forgetting that He helps those who help themselves. Rely on Him, and

> "Be these juggling fiends no more believed
> That palter with us in a double sense;
> That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And *break* it to our *hope*."

* * * * * *

I understand and use the terms "Devil" and "demon" as syn-

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onymous with "the unregenerate souls of departed men and women." I have another hypothesis to offer and suggest presently. But whether this last be a true one or not, certain am I that devils as above defined, do really exist, and that there are millions of such hovering around, ready to lure, lead or drive us right

"Into the jaws of death; into the mouth of Hell,"

I am as firmly convinced, as that God Himself has a being. Why? Because it is utterly impossible to reconcile one tenth part of my experience of Spiritualism, and what I have observed, with the notion that the communicating intelligences are *all* good. I am not unwilling to admit that the proof of human immortality is as firmly set, strong, positive and certain, if the evidence come from an evil man beyond the grave, as it would be coming from the best that ever crossed the misty river; but I *am* firmly persuaded that vast numbers of those who communicate have plenty of room for improvement.

A straight stick *must* have two ends. No one disputes so plain an axiom. Now let us apply the same principle to the spirits.

We have every reason to believe that, starting from a good man on the earth, there is a chain of *as*-cending good men, step after step, up to angels, cherubs, seraphs,—to the eternal God Himself. Now there must be also a *de*-scending scale. We see it here on earth, and have just as much reason to believe that the chain of evil beings stretches away in like manner, till it ends in the quintessence of all ill. I do not *assert* such to be the case; yet to me it is a theme of much thought.

The terrible suggestion presents itself. Recently several prominent spiritualists have turned their attention to this — Possibility. My soul objects in toto to this hypothesis. I reasoned out the contrary, and fortified my spirit against it; yet when I reason in turn upon my *reason*, I find myself involved in what looks very like a fallacy. If it be such, it is a very com-

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mon one, and consists in the assumption of extraordinary knowledge—practically arrogating God's great prerogative, Omniscience. But when I come to the point, what do I really know of *any* of the great or little mysteries which surround us on all sides? Manifestly, very little indeed. What do I know of the scale or order of viewless beings, that perchance people all the regions round about? Still less. How do I know, 1st: that this earth may not be the rendezvous of countless multitudes of viewless beings of enormous power, and enormous guile;—beings differing from, yet in some respects resembling man in intelligence and facility of action? If such beings,—"Principalities, powers, chiefs of the ærial kingdom," really exist—and there are unmistakable indications pointing that way, scriptural and legendary, how do we know but that, being of rarer materials than ourselves, not subject to the law of gravitation, they may be darting hither and thither at will, through the solar system, alighting here, there and yonder, as fancy prompts, and tormenting us, and amusing themselves at our expense, at the same time?

To this I objected thus: "Oh, but God wouldn't permit such things, you know." Now this answer won't do; for God *does* permit a great many things equally curious, equally beyond our comprehension, and equally bad—if bad—in final results they, or it be,—all for the apparent purpose of subserving some (to us) unknown, unguessed at end of His own? The thing is POSSIBLE. Who can tell us confidently, in face of the scriptural affirmations of the existence of demons, devils and others of that ilk, that there may not be, and have been for millions of ages, myriads of intelligent observers, looking at and upon the populated worlds—aye! beings who never owned a material body? What eye save God's, has ever swept the fields wherein He has exercised His unlimited creative energy? Such beings MAY exist, and their number exceed human computative power. They may ascend in grades from the condition parallel to our

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own, mentally, up to the seraph-hood,—to Jehovah's awe-ful self,—and conversely, downward in wickedness and guile, so black, so deep, so ineffably horrible, that the worst man earth ever produced, were a sublime seraph in comparison;—the whole centering in one arch devil of inconceivable sublimity of badness—fairly offsetting God Almighty's superlative excellence.

The Budhistic twelve tales of a demon may not be all fancy.

I throw these suggestions out for the good they may do, in provoking thought amongst the people, who have been felicitating themselves that the "Devil was dead!" He may after all, only have been playing another skilful move in the great game of the universe.

My private opinion on the subject I am not going to give just now, because it is not yet fully made up; yet this much can be said: That whereas I once believed that all things were germinally good, I am led to believe that it was a mistake; I believe now that Christ was something more than a mere man; that his career was not a mere farce; that there is a stupendous mystery all about us, that a tremendous danger—of what nature cannot be said, lies just ahead of us all; and instinct, intuition—the pre-warned soul itself declares, that Religion is a reality—not a thing of mere sentiment; that Regeneration is of far more importance than aught else; and that nothing but the grace of God, at which the "philosophers" of the day are laughing—perhaps to their eternal sorrow—can save mankind from the awful peril. Scores of thousands of spiritualists are embracing this conviction, and longing for something better than eternal theorizing and intellectual flim-flams,—the

> Canting radical jabber and jaw,
> Theory, fudge, and natural law,
> Hocus pocus and nong tong paw—
> Stupid crams—not worth a straw,

with which they have been surfeited so long. Great opposition

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is made to an organized spiritual worship, but for part I long to worship God, after some devotional form, in union with others. It is a notorious fact that spiritual meetings now are little else than intellectual tilting grounds; from which we go no better than we went, no nearer God, and while our intellects are active, the devotional element is pale, and weak and cold; we hunger for religious food—for *the* spirit of worship. The most of us have passed through, or are passing through the baptism of sorrow, grief and pain, and now our hearts are beginning to long for the baptism of divine grace and holy fire, without which heaven *may* loom up before us, but can never be reached. There *is* such a thing as a change of heart, sudden, miraculous and complete. I believe all this in spite of what material philosophers say, and in oppositien to the direct teachings of hundreds of spirits; I shall believe this till I die. One class of spirits confirms this belief, but another class, laying claim to great intellectual powers and acquired knowledge, laugh at it, as do their earthly peers. Heed them not—but remember that the best definition of the "devil" ever yet made, is "The perfection of intellect without moral principle." Hundreds of people have attempted to organize what they call "Christian Spiritualism." They failed; why? "Isms" have killed them. I prefer the name BROAD CHURCH to any other, and propose as its form: 1st, the recognition of God as the Father, Christ as the model, brotherly love as its soul, prayer, music and congregational singing, with sermons on human duty, delivered by men whose lives are squared by the Golden Rule, who shall preach for stated periods, of not less than three months nor more than one year. They to be paid a sum fifty per cent. above their actual expenses, so that something shall be left for a rainy day. This would be productive of far more good than the present system of itineracy. I prefer this for the reason that the best spiritual religion would soon become established in the land—that precious kind which makes a man

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look daily into his own heart, and inspires him with the desire, the will and power to cleanse it of all that is unseemly in the sight of God. It will speedily supercede that kind of spiritualism which is fair without, but foul within, which leads to atheism, and WORSE, and which, upsetting the finer moral sense, seizes hold of its victims and gallops them to perdition at ten miles an hour. This proposed BROAD CHURCH must be founded on the Bible—the Testament, and particularly upon the idea of Justice and Charity—taking for its platform Christ's sermon on the mount. When looking back upon memory's record, around me on the great world, I cannot, to save my soul, I cannot help believing that the Bible is better than all other books; nor can I help paying close attention to what it says of a devil. In the world I recognize progress and decay alike—decay, too, of the beautiful and good. It is not all progress. And it sometimes appears to me that I can distinctly recognize t he handicraft of an agent, fearful in its masterly power, depth of purpose, foresight, scope of vision, and profundity of guile. And it does seem to me, at times, that nothing less than a fallen archangel, or a seraph of the loftiest degree, a rare and mighty being, clothed in the radiant majesty of intellect, and possessing the sublimest force of Mind and Will, could conceive of such vast schemes of villainy as are being constantly enacted on the broad stage of the world's great theatre, and then successfully carry them out, while perpetually plotting more. This idea is not that of a puling coward, who fears the chances after death; nor is it the offspring of religious fanaticism. It comes not from the boyish "medium" of days now fled forever — the unwilling actor in the farce of "Hurrying up the Good Time coming" — but it comes up heavily, solidly, from the soul-depths, as a foresight of what perhaps is a stupendous actuality, else is a fearful type of some yet more awful thing. The idea comes up when the duties and obligations of manhood are ripening me for the death-harvest, and when

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regrets for past follies are giving place to bright hopes of usefulness here below, before Azrael shall touch me with his staff, and tell me that God calls, — and I hasten to obey.

That all the good in this world comes by and through the Holy Ghost, a great many men religiously believe; so do I; but that evil is the mere "absence of good" can very reasonably be disputed. The one is as real and positive as the other, albeit, the sphere of evil seems somewhat circumscribed, as compared with the good. Let us all devoutly thank God that it is so. From this great deduction of my reason — the fact that evil seems to be circumscribed — I draw the soul-cheering inference that the conflict of ages will eventually terminate in the triumph of the good, and hence, that all the demons or evil spirits, and their great and mighty chief, if there be such, will one day — when, God alone can tell — become repentant, washed clean, and be numbered with the blessed. This is the hope of my soul, this the belief of my heart.

There surely must be a fountain whence evil flows; else whence the terrible catalogue of crimes in the world? Whence the murders of a Hicks or a Jackalow? Whence the baser crime of ingratitude, that forever casts a stain upon the name of Toucey? Whence the fearful meanness characterizing the Potter tribe? Whence the piracies of a Gibbs? Philosophy thou art lame and halting! Thy deductions are lamer still! Thou art merely superficial; Evil is deeper than thy shallow well, nor hast thou yet plumbed its deeps, despite all thy pretensions!

To assert that sin and wrong-doing is merely the result of crude experiment to ascertain the right, won't do. We often sin with our eyes wide open, fully aware of its fearful penalties, yet urged on by an invisible malice as unrelenting as the very grave.

> Men know the right, and well approve it too;
> They hate the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

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[Once in my career, when for years I had been under the control of a power, strong almost as Fate, wicked as Sin itself, I was made to think, say and do things, against which, in the rare moments, when the good angel was in the ascendant, my soul protested; yet in vain. The vile power was as unrelenting as death, as persevering as the seasons. "When I would do good, evil," in the shape of a baleful spiritual influence, "was present with me." For a time reason was aberrated, self-destruction attempted, and all the world looked black as night, nor should I now be here to warn others, had not Infinite Wisdom directed my steps to far off lands, in which, thank Him, the lost balance was to a great extent restored. The effects of this original folly — the yielding of the will to an unseen, unknown, unfathomed, invisible influence, are yet, at the end of long years, keenly felt. It was for this fault that J. H. Fowler so bitterly attacked me in the Anti-Slavery Convention of 1860 in Boston, and for this too did the *Liberator* disgrace its columns. Still, I repine not. God is for me; I care not, then, who shall be against me, so long as I feel that I am right.]

To resume. Is ingratitude a mere sentimentalism? Nonsense! A current philosophy lays it down that, not only are there no evil spirits, but that they are all good; and still worse, that all error is the result of ignorance. To all such folly every sensible man cries, pish! There must be, it sometimes seems to me, an invisible tempter, of fathomless evil, who amuses his leisure by ruining such as he can at once get control of, through the open door of the passions.

The movements of good and evil appears to be from centers, not separately, but together. The ability of the master mind of the evil movement, must, from the nature and extent of its operations, be little short of infinite. He, or it, seems to play with mankind as you or I would play with chess—only that his is a desperate game, with a million moves; besides which he has the eternal God for an antagonist; and all the superior cit-

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izens of the universe, with throbbing hearts look on and count the chances of the tremendous play.

First one, then the other effectually offers "check;" God's party look, and feel anxious, as pawn after pawn, piece after piece is moved. And see! the hosts of Acheron—the denizens of hell hold their breath in silent awe, as their grim monarch scowls over the mighty board.

With keen eye, and steady nerve, he plays *right on;* and when his Prime Minister glances, first at him, then at his opponent, half in hope, half in fear, the Arch-fiend impatiently tosses his magnificent head, and vocally replies to his Vizier's unuttered thought—"Fear not! The best part of the game is mine! I have beaten him—in Eden,—again in Judea! and I have had the best of this one all along the dim centuries; and I mean to WIN it!"

This *may* not be a mere fancy sketch of mine! In any case the idea is a very suggestive one. Suppose it to be true! What then? Shall he win it in the end? Will he? Can he? Did he speak truly about the game in Eden? Yes! about the last? I fear yes too! for the first recorded man was seduced by woman, as his sons have been ever since. The first woman was ruined by curiosity—so have her daughters been to this day. The first son was a fratricide, and war, murder—ah! Christ! what evils have *not* followed down the march of the centuries, since that day of stupendous reprisals within the gates of Eden, when the world was very young?

His skill will prolong the final end indefinitely, unless something be done on our own part to defeat him. Christianity, true and pure, whether prefaced by the titles "Harmonial" or "Spiritual," calls aloud for recruits to strengthen God's party. Jesus Christ will lead the van; we shall be sensitive pawns in the great game, and help gain a speedy victory for OUR SIDE! taking good care that our side is also God Almighty's.

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It seems sheer folly for the teachers of the people to proclaim either that Evil is undeveloped good (?) or else that it is a mere surface thing, which attaches itself to a man's "accidents," but never to the man himself. I declare, and common sense sustains me, that evil, so far from "progressing" away and leaving snug little Heavens behind it, never fails to perpetuate itself. True, to-day the world has more of knowledge, more of good, truth, excellence, virtue, honor and honesty than it ever had before. But, *per contra*, it also has more rascality, murder, villiany, vice of all sorts, and a greater quantum of unmitigated evil than it ever had, and in view of these facts I say, evil is positive in itself. It bequeathes its qualities to posterity, and it works in a way truly miraculous,—as for instance, when the children of parents, known to be good, eventually turn out to be harlots, rogues, thieves and murderers. "Hereditary bias" is at fault here. No, evil don't *wear* out. It must be washed out by the grace of God, and nothing else will keep it out. Graham bread, cold water, gymnastics, music, literature, Art, Science and Philosophy, are all very well so far as they go;—so is this blessed light on immortality, but not one of these, nor all together, will overcome evil and keep it overcome. God's grace is the *sine qua non!*

If evil is only a thing of outside, surface, accident, how happens it that souls—remembering that soul alone is the individual—the body being but one of its "accidents," how happens it that souls, not bodies, souls of violence, crime and outrage, frequently produce sons and daughters, who become great and good men and women? In another case: how is it that the children or grand children—or theirs of the first pair—those of crime, &c., above mentioned, split off, half good, half bad? How is it that souls predisposed to crime and violence, are constantly thrust upon the world with penchants, whose origin is buried in mystery—with passions and proclivities towards ill, which rapidly "develop" into positive acts against the peace of the

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world—acts which exasperate all patience; causes jails to be built, and peoples them with objects of pity to any one, with even half a heart? If evil is so merely surface, why is it still doubtful whether God or his antagonist Evil, is the strongest? Why has not the good triumphed over the bad in the human soul, seeing that the conflict has been waging on that battle-ground ever since the first man saw the light—a period of time probably exceeding in ages, the number of years usually assigned the human advent?

Can a thing of mere "surface" exert such a tremendous power and keep it up for centuries?—a power too, that incontestibly governs the majority of human councils, presides over the nations, employs the most of human talent, rules in the legislative halls, governs our Congress, perpetuates wrong and plays the devil all over the world? Is that merely "surface," which rears its awful head over all human institutions; that breaks more human hearts that God Himself can mend; that crushes out the sweet life of love itself, and manures the land with human blood;—a power that coolly bids the eternal God defiance; vauntingly taunts His ministers, and challenges their Master to the combat; a power that smiles in sheer derision at all the efforts of organized opposition!

> "Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there!"

and that isn't all — for he carries the crowd! Is this power merely surface that thus utterly defies all the good in the world, to attempt its subjugation, and which openly boasts of its work of injury to the world, and retardation of civilization? Is that evil merely a surface one which stands on the hill-tops of the world, and whenever it beholds one of God's messengers on a flight to earth with healing on its wings, instantly despatches teeming swarms of pestilent demons to the same locality—angels of darkness wearing robes of light, so as more easily to torment, deceive and betray us — each one filled with subtle poison

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wherewith to disease our bodies, and each one bearing a differently compounded cataplasm of damnation, in the shape of "Philosophical Theories," wherewith to draw out the last drop of generous feeling and respect to God, or love for man? All this has been done—is doing, from the first man to Job, Job to the man at the tomb, him to the Magdalen, and so on down all the ages till to-day. Is it undeveloped good?

It seems utterly impossible for me to believe that evil is, as many so-called spiritual philosophers assert, a merely nominal, outside, phenomenal or surface thing, or that all, or even more than one-fourth part of the communicating intelligences are really the returned souls of the dear departed ones they frequently claim to be. We must be quite, indeed, far more careful of our spiritual associates, than we usually are of our earthly ones.

The time has come when thousands of us who believe in immortality, should evince a little more coolness in the matter of spiritual investigation. I trust the day has forever gone by, when we will accept the ipse dixit of an invisible, but almost necessarily apocryphal spirit, merely because the gentleman or lady is not encumbered with one hundred pounds avoirdupoise of flesh and blood. Surely we are endowed with COMMON SENSE; we exercise it in other matters, why not then on this most vital and interesting of all subjects?

Beyond all question, we are, on all sides, surrounded by myriads of beings, to us invisible. A great many people contend that these, all these, are decent, harmless, sweet, white-robed angels from celestial realms; but it is my candid, deliberate opinion, based on an experience of ten years, under all conditions and circumstances, with hundreds of mediums, besides myself, of several nations, colors and proficiencies, on both sides of the Atlantic, and, setting aside the demon theory altogether, that a *great deal more* than one-half of the communicating spirits are, to quote a recent author, regular scalawags, rapscallions,

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democrats, huge-paws, supernal pickpockets, spiritual plug-uglies,—the canaille, scrapings, refuse, the very *orts* of the ærial kingdoms, whose moral state corresponds to, but is infinitely lower than that of the same general classes here below. A good man gets soiled in bad company here on earth; but the damage is supremely greater to him who blindly associates with all sorts of spirits. Whosoever *does* so associate with spirits, whose only passport to our affections and confidence, consists in their ability to manifest, and talk "high-falutin," is on the high road to a slavery far more fearful than even Southern bondage is to the poor black victims of its dreadful sway,—and God knows *that* is almost past endurance.

At this point I beg leave to recur again to the most infamous dogma that ever emanated from fool, madman or devil. That the doctrine alluded to—that of the non-immortality of a large proportion of human beings, is the direct baby of hell, the complete child of the fiends, I have not the slightest doubt. It was not enough for them to sanction a miserable fallacy, that of the absolute freedom of the affections, but the evil ones know that *that* wretched sophism is rapidly exploding—disintegrating, falling to pieces, by reason of its own inherent rotten-ness—come to the rescue of their forlorn hope, and set a heavy premium on sin, under the specious plea, that the true motto for the majority is to „eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die—and there an everlasting end." Conscience under this infernal belief, becomes worthless as a corrector of human conduct. Remorse is "illness," nothing more. It says to the people of the world, "Go ahead! Do just as you please, rob, lie, steal, murder, do what you will, for if you are cunning enough to evade the land-laws, you're all right; for at death you'll sleep well, and never waken!"

My reasons for regarding this pernicious doctrine as the sappent fruit of the "individual sovereignty," and "passional attraction" tree, are these: In this fast age the weakest point of

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human nature, at least in civilized nations, lies in the region of the affections and the passions, especially the amative. Men and women, strong as adamant, firm as a rock, in all other respects, are vulnerable and weak on the points indicated. The brief limits allotted to this pamphlet will not permit me to present the *causes* of this; suffice it that the *fact* is real, and not only is it universally conceded, but the daily press abounds with corroborative testimony.

Generals who attack a fort, do so at the most pregnable points. So with a certain class of spirits. They enjoy forbidden things, through mortal proxies is by sympathy. A, a spirit, was on earth a drunkard; he can't gratify himself in the spirit world; but, if he can get control of B, a medium, and can induce B to imbibe, he (A) can partake sympathetically of the exhilaration. As it is with stimulants, so it is with amativeness, only that ten persons can be made to err in the last direction, where not over two could be in the former; for the reason that has already been stated. Evil spirits are more easily pleased through the latter channel than any other. Enemies to spiritualism charge, and indeed not a few of its well-tried friends admit, that, to a certain extent, it has been productive of a great deal of mischief in the line of infractions of the seventh commandment, in desertions, divorces and "affinitizing." I neither affirm nor deny these charges, yet I do assert that they never sprung from normal, healthy, religious spiritualism, and never can. All adulteries, desertions, &c., that have occurred, are from obsessions of foul fiends.

By cultivating a trust in God and a firm faith in His protecting arm, we may smile blandly at all evil machinations, and grow strong where we are weak, day by day.

At first the evil ones rode a high horse, and succeeded in victimizing many a good meaning man and woman, who, under the baleful gloss of a false philosophy, imagined free love to be really good and true. But by-and by, people began to

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ask themselves, "Is this right? Will there not come a day of reckoning—hereafter?" and just as they reach this point of the awakening and the unveiling, along comes the fiend again, saying, "No! for only certain persons are immortal; every one can therefore sin in this direction, as much as they choose; for the chances are ten to one in favor of an eternal sleep. Therefore do wrong, and fear not!"

Let this dogma of the Pit once become popular, and the peace of society is sapped at its very foot; the brothel will become an institution, and—but let us drop a veil over the fearful tableau.

The worst of the thing is, that unless a person be ever on the watch, he or she, being a susceptible subject, and having once been impregnated with the hadean aura, is ever liable to fresh attacks; and so gently, so silently, almost sweetly, will the unseen ones throw their veil over the moral sight, that ere the victim is aware, he or she will find themselves standing neck deep in the swamps of perdition, while all around them flit spectral harpies, laughing "Ha, ha! ho, ho! where are you now my beauty!" Conscious of this evil, it is solely to obviate it that I enter the arena as the champion of common sense, against what in my soul I believe to be the most tremendous enemy of God, morals, and religion, that ever found foot hold on the earth —the most seductive, hence most dangerous, form of sensualism that ever cursed a nation, age or people; that is to say: against that system of philosophy which inculcates affinity-ism, and its child, annihilation; that sort of pseudo-Spiritualism that digs the wells of Kiantone; tells woman she owes no allegiance to husband or society; tells man that his qualms of conscience, when he contemplates running off from the mother of his children, with some high-falutin affinity, are *only* "morbid notions:" and urges him to go ahead in search of Heaven—in a wanton's arms (?) and blinds him till he falls so low that only God Himself can extricate him. I think it is not difficult to discern the

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dawn and sunrise, the certain foreshadowing of a brighter and better state of things, destined to grow and supersede all spiritual fanaticism.

The small pox, contagious as it is, does not possess one half of the elements of infection that this morbid state into which the victims of the unseen vampyres fall. Approach mediums, and in two minutes you can tell whether they be under the influence of good or evil spirits. Sit by them and touch the hand: If you feel an unusual coolness, blandness of sphere, gentle, wakeful sensation, the indications are good. If on the contrary, you feel a positive *glow*, an unusual *warmth*, a soft, seductive, somnolent influence, a tendency to sadness, to love, to endearment, then look out—and run out, for the evil is at work; you must fly, else the morbid gas or effluvium will pervade and taint you, you will carry the poison to others, and so the pestilence will spread. A deal might here be written regarding circles, normal and unhealthy, but space forbids all save one remark: When at circles, forbear to touch hands, for if there be present one single victim of diabolic influence, his or her sphere is literally charged with lust, with immoral scorpions, with disease and intellectual death, serpents, and all unseemly, foul and venomous things and correspondences, and you may be impregnated, bit, lost, ruined, utterly destroyed!

I now resume the subject of non-immortality. This doctrine I have heard on several occasions attributed to A. J. Davis, who is reported to have stated as the result of a clear-seeing investigation of the matter, that only a certain proportion of human beings had immortal souls, and that in Buffalo, N. Y., he had beheld seven hundred persons who at death would forever cease to be. Since that time, other pretended "Harmonial" philosophers have made the same discovery, and not a few spirits have, through mediums, declared it. Having already spoken my sentiments of these last, I shall turn the attention of the reader to the former, Mr. A. Jackson Davis. And first: This

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extraordinary man has unquestionably performed a remarkable work in the world of letters. Many and many an infidel has he converted to a nobler belief. I regard him as the bridge over which thousands have passed to a better clime, and a higher region of soul and thought. The writer of this has shared his hospitality, as a thinker almost worshipped, and as a man ever and always esteemed him. So far then, all is as it should be, but as a philosopher he is no longer regarded in the light of authority. His theories were rejected on the following grounds:

I know that no man had, up to 1854, written so clearly on the subject of the soul's immortality as had Mr. Davis, in his masterly and supremely interesting letters to Freligh of St. Louis. It is not too much to say, that hundreds of thousands drank in the spirit of those magnificent letters, as the thirsty Arab in the desert, drinks in the draught that gives him a new hold on life, and sends the grateful blood all bounding through his happy veins. So did the author of these imperfect pages. But when it was publicly stated that Davis had announced the "Buffalo doctrine" of non-immortality; when this terrible sophism ran the length and breadth of the land; when I publicly charged it on him in my Clinton Hall speech, which ran through all the editions of the New York Tribune, circulating half a million copies, read by thrice that number, and copied by one in six of all the papers of the United States;—I repeat, when he allowed this charge to go uncontradicted and unexplained, during long years, I, and thousands considered the report as true. He became the legitimate father of this immoral bantling; my soul stood aghast; it became horrified; arrayed itself against this infamous dogma; opposed its march with tongue and pen; still retains its inextinguishible hostility thereto, and, God helping, will do so till the death. How could I, how could any man place confidence in the teachings of a philosopher who eats his own words, contradicts his own "axioms;" first places all human beings, *all* upon the deck of the

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Ark of Safety—the proud and gaily sailing barque of immortality; sets the sails, lulls us all into a sweet sense of serenity, and then, just as we think we discern the rising banks of land,—the spheres of that blessed home, coolly springs a trap, lets the bottom of the ship fall out, drops us midst the roaring waves of Doubt, leaves us to sink beneath the rushing billows of Despair's black, hadean gulf, and then more coolly bids us *swim*;—those who can *may* reach the shores of super-mortal being; those who cannot—your father, or mother, sister or brother—ah, heavens! must drown—*forever drown* in the waters of forgetfulness, the sea of blackest night, the billows of—great God! utter ANNIHILATION! Woman or man, who reads these lines, let me tell you that my soul clings to the hope of an existence beyond the grave, stronger than does the drowning wretch to the plank thrown out to save him.

What do we behold of man and his experience? Why, that the serenest joy this life can afford, still leaves an ineffable longing; still some taste, some pleasure of being looms up before it in another state of existence; nor do I believe that the eternal God implanted these deathless aspirations within us, without providing for their complete satisfaction, when we shall be safely ferried over the River. No, no. Non-immortalists! Your dogmas are too devoid of reasonableness, and seasonableness to be taken by sensible people, even with a million grains of allowance. The experience of the last ten years is quite enough to disprove your assertions. We feel, we hope, we know that—

"Afar, ne'er seen by mortal eyes,
There's a realm in endless light that lies
More fair than loved Italian skies,—
Where changeless summer forever beams,
And a fount of joy forever streams;—
And music dwells in the very air,
And the spirit of love is everywhere.
The tiny feet shall bleed no more,
For soft are the paths of that blessed shore;

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And the heavy cross is left behind,
And amaranth wreaths the temples bind,
And he who the weariest path hath trod,
Shall nearest stand to the throne of God."

Oh, ye vain babblers against immortality, you may talk and harangue as you will; while merely *guessing* out a great folly; but don't forget that

"*We know* that the bowers are green and fair,
In the light of that summer shore;
And we *know* that the friends we have lost are there,
They are there, they are there, and we weep no more."

The defenders of this absurd doctrine appear to reason altogether in a very vicious circle, and involve themselves in difficulties at every step. Their difficulty seems to be a lack of power to conceive of anything outside of the domain of matter and mind, substance and spirit. There *is* such an existence. It is the Empire of Monads. A watch, a house, or a coach is a monad, while yet a mere uncarnate thought. These monads exist divinely. We may call them ideas. We merely clothe monads in material garb to render them visible. God is the great Monad. Men are lesser ones, which ever existed, ever will. Man being a *mental* monad, resembling God the greater, is necessarily an immortal being. Nothing can touch him destroyingly. He *must* finally ride triumphantly over death, hell and the grave, whether he wants to or not. If any man is an immortal being, he must have derived the quality from those who begat him. If some men and women are not immortal, how can they produce an immortal infant? No woman can give to her child that which she does not herself possess. We create bodies, but souls—never. God fashions the monad, and sends it down. Whenever a proper physical nucleus exists, there a monad is attracted, and the mass of flesh henceforth envelops a living soul. This is a splendid theme; my soul aches to deliver its thoughts upon it, but time will not permit. Whenever called on I shall be happy to demonstrate how and why

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all men, rich, poor, black, white—all, all are immortal. Nature reveals it, all good spirits declare it; God proclaims, and common sense sustains it. The fearful hadean gulf of which we have so often read and heard, is quite bad enough, but this sleep that never knows a waking is too ineffably horrible, too ghastly, too supremely terrible to be true. As for me, I had rather take my chance of escape from a doom to the infernal pit, than to be altogether snuffed out, and *I wont* be; of *that* God assures us all,—either by the Harmonial or any other philosophy. If it be true that this doctrine originated with the great Poughkeepsie seer, I can but account for it on the ground that he must have felt billious, spent a bad night, arose rather blue in spirits, and under this influence of ill humor, said the thing as a jest; for I believe him to be too good a man to have said it in right down earnest. The man's mind is too clear, his motives too humane; nor can I for an instant think he really believes it. So supremely agonizing have been my sufferings, arising from the fulmination of this pestilent thing, that their bare remembrance makes me shudder. As with this humble writer, so with hundreds, nay, thousands in the land.

This notion of annihilation is the last offspring of the evil one, if evil one there be. At all events it is the pet hobby of all the anti-Bible, anti-christian, anti-everything-decent spirits. It is repugnant to reason, to common sense; lays the axe at the very root of civilization and morality; libels the Creator, ignores everything pure and holy; fosters iniquity, demonism, lust, hatred, wrong of all sorts; puts virtue at a discount, vice at a premium, and in short is utterly false, no matter who affirms the contrary.

"Why shrinks the soul back on herself,
And startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man!"

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Believe not, O my brother, and my sister, that at death you run even the slightest risk of being forever blotted out, for

"When Nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second chaos bound thy endless reign:
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction and elude the grave.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim
With age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth
Unhurt amid the rush of warring elements—
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

Be true to God, to yourself, to all true human duty. Watch carefully the communicating spirits to see if they be of God or of the Night; yield not up the will, nor submit to be robbed of consciousness or magnetism, by any spirit; cultivate a healthy, normal, wakeful inspiration; suffer no spirit to throw a veil over your soul, your morals, or your consciousness—for if you do, you may be led to commit error, seemingly of your own free will, but in reality as the unconscious proxy of some designing knave without a body of flesh and blood, who lures you only to gloat over and laugh at your missteps—perhaps at your fall. Remember the Woodstock tragedy—as told by E. V. Wilson—wherein a man did murder under the unquestionable influence of bad spirits—a murder for which he suffered on the gallows tree! There are good spirits, doubtless; if you associate with any, choose these, for they will teach you well and do you good. Test them with a pure heart and earnest desire, and then God will surround you with a sphere that only pure and God-sent spirits can penetrate. A clean heart and a firm, honest purpose, is an impregnable barrier to the incursions of evil from any source. WATCH and PRAY. Thus shall moral strength accrue; your feet will indeed be set upon the rock of ages! Fear herself shall stand aghast,

"And Death, an idler, snore and slumber on;
Othello-like, his occupation gone!"

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It is a plain maxim of common sense, not to tamper with infection; and he is a fool who, for the mere sake of proving his boldness and freedom from bigotry, rushes uncalled into the miasmatic influence of false teaching. "Take heed," said incarnate wisdom, "what ye hear." The caution which is good for yourself is good for your children and dependents. A little mineral admixture in their daily bread, a little morbific quality in their daily milk, would be justly dreaded as tending to wear away their health; yet scores of unrighteous spirits, merely because they *are* spirits, are allowed to enter our dwellings, manifest at our circles, control and influence our mediums, distilling little by little, false, latitudinarian, ultra-liberal opinions, sentiments and doctrines, which, apparently all right and innocuous at first, yet spread out and intensify into the most horrible moral fevers. "Freedom" is a good thing; so said the spirits, so said we; but just look at the end of the sermon preached from that beautiful text! Look at the disorder and leprosy it shed abroad in the world! So also with other cunningly devised glosses of wrong doing. There is a class of piratical spirits who should be kept as far off as you would a cobra or a rattlesnake; so also are there doctrines corresponding. It is as certain of the mind as of the body, that whatever is taken into it should tend directly to its growth and strength; all that is otherwise is noxious. Nutrition, moreover, is a gradual process, the result of repeated acts. If then, the mind and character are to make progress and acquire firmness, there must be not slight and occasional, but regular and extensive study of God's revealed will.

* * * * * * *

I feel that it would be ungenerous, were I to pass by the fact that A. J. Davis plumply, flatly, unreservedly denies that he ever affirmed the non-immortality of any portion of the human race. Doubtless his word is to be regarded as that of any other

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man should be who claims to be candid. To me this denial would have sounded better had it come some year or two ago. But "Better late than never," and so I give it as cut from his own paper. If I have ever done him wrong, I regret it, but most assuredly all that I have ever said against Davis' System of Philosophy was founded on the *uncontradicted* statement attributed to him. I present his denial in his own words. In my next pamphlet I shall print the report of his lecture if it can be had for love or money; "Audi ad partem," being my motto, and the duty of every honorable man. But though Davis now ignores the falsehood and should therefore be honorably acquitted, all the charges made in this pamphlet stand good against all other advocates of the "Snuffing out doctrine" —indeed hereafter they will be known as "snuff-outers." But the article:—

"NON-IMMORTALITY IN BUFFALO.

'INQUIRER,' NEW YORK.—'It is reported that in one of your lectures in the city of Buffalo, you said that there were 700 non-immortal persons residing there! If this is so, how can you prove it?'

This candid inquirer is entitled to our cordial gratitude. Unlike clergymen and other sinners, he comes right straight (*via* U. S. Mail,) to us and puts the question in an honest manner, and does not ask his prejudiced next door neighbor *what we said in Buffalo.* We cordially thank you, Brother, and hope your noble example will not be unfruitful.

While delivering a course of Lectures in Buffalo, in the autumn of '58, we introduced a philosophical supposition, designed to illustrate the number of *ante-human* or non-immortal types (See 5th vol. Harmonia,) which existed in the earliest stages of Humanity. We enforced the thought, or rather brought it home, by applying the proportions to the earth's present inhabitants, which, with few exceptions, are crowned with the glory

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and honor of immortal life. But the daily papers very soon represented us as propagating the theory that only a small portion of the population of Buffalo was entitled to the priceless boon of eternal existence. The numbers were variously stated—some, that only one soul in a thousand would exist after death—others, that there were just 700 immortals in all that beautiful city! With these editorial or reportorial statements we have no controversy. They are simply and heartlessly false. We are willing and able to stand by what we have written in any published volume, bearing our name; and upon propositions and philosophies therein presented we invite unlimited discussion. What we *know* and what we *believe* on this head, may be found in the "Thinker."

In regard to Buffalo we remark, that many of its citizens are our personal friends, most highly valued; but why so many of them should be labelled "non-immortal," surpasses our present understanding. Will the "Express," "Advertiser," or "Republic," furnish an explanation?"

* * * * * * *

After all, a head is no bad thing; nor the brains within it, and the legitimate use of these things is to entertain common sense! Nor can we watch too carefully and earnestly the *drift* of the teachings of philosophers or the 'spirits,' no matter how high-sounding their titles or pretensions.

We cannot be too cautious about the trance. It should seldom be entered. It is unquestionably true that the trance, whether mesmeric, spiritual, or induced by drugs, will to a certain extent educate the person subject to them. To be thus subject, under good and holy influences, once in a while, will probably do no harm, but to follow it up day after day, is simply folly. Extraordinary results occasionally arise from trance. The serenest and most beatific vision that I ever experienced, resulted from taking 18 grains of Dowam Meskh, an Egyptian preparation. I first took it in France, and subsequently ob-

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tained the secret of its composition as it is made in Cairo.

It may astonish those who knew me some years ago as a blank atheist, and believer in the accursed individual sovereignty sophistry, when I tell them, that when in the deepest gloom of soul after trying to believe in Jehovah, with only partial success, I was at last perfectly convinced through the agency of this wonderful conserve. I took a portion of Dowam Meskh; it perfectly illuminated me, but the lucidity infinitely exceeded anything that I had ever known before, either spiritual, self-induced, or mesmeric. In this illumination there was no loss of will or self. When fully clear, I asked the question, "Is there a God?" *The answer came, or I went to it;* but the mysteries revealed to my astonished soul on that eventful night, will never be disclosed to mortal ears. One thing only shall be said, namely—*Never! no, not for an instant have I since doubted the existence of a God.*

Twice more, and only twice has this great experiment been repeated, not with reference to the same, but to other important subjects. Those who would know more on this point, may write me.

* * * * * *

In conclusion, let me say that I regard Spiritualism, taken as a whole, in the light of a herald—an out-rider, an *avant courier* of a better day coming. The conviction is irresistible, that a general revolution impends over the world. We see its signs in Millerism, Broad-Churchism, Political revivals—everything; and Spiritualism is the St. John in the wilderness; proclaiming the advent of, God only, in his inscrutible wisdom—knows what; but that it is to be a bettering of the world, we devoutly believe. All the amazing breakings up and down of systems hoary with age, which for twenty years the world has witnessed, but indicates the night before the dawn. In Politics it tells us of coming honesty; in religion, it points to substance and re-

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ality as superseding hollow mockery and pretence; in Philosophy it points to COMMON SENSE as asserting its supremacy over metaphysical moonshine, and transcendental twaddle. It points with unerring finger to the downfall of imposture, and the enthronement of the GOOD. It has struck the knell of all sorts of wrong, and proposes to inaugurate a better, purer, cleaner church and state: and spiritualism is *one* of the agents to effect these slow but certain changes.

That the final conflict between good and evil is yet to be fought, and that when it does come, God himself will *this time* triumph, there can be but little doubt; nor can I help believing that spiritualism, with all its facts and fallacies, its truths and errors, its certainties and its phantasies, its lights and shades, will yet prove to be the Braminical egg, from which shall yet go forth the full-fledged Dove of Peace, to bear the glad tidings of great joy to every race of men; that it is yet to bear the olive-branch, wherewith to crown the Nations and the AGES. I believe all this, and also that spiritualism has in it the elements of more power both for good and ill, than anything yet born of all the dead years; but, as already observed, the Evil must eventually be overcome of Right, and be triumphantly vanquished by the Good. By and by the PEOPLE will wake up from their lethargic slumbers, and go to work with a will to build up the true temple of worship. The churches will come to spiritualism, purge it of its devils, and borrow fire from its purest altars; and spiritualism will go to the churches, purge them of the hypocricy, bigotry and folly, and borrow its devotion, its pathos and its power.

Normal inspiration will replace abnormal trance speaking; we shall have less philosophy and more common sense; ascertain less about the spheres, and more about ourselves; less concerning the Milky Way, and more about the milk of human kindness; less about the concentric rings of blazing suns, and more about the simple bonds of brotherhood;—and finally, we

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shall hear less concerning human destiny, and more about honest, manly, human duty. This radiant change is coming. Already the wide world heaves with the throes of a new nativity, and the signs of the times indicate that the magi of the nations will once more worship at the cradle of the Redeemer, once more do homage to the crucified Jesus, not the sacrifice of Calvary, in flesh and blood, but the GREAT CHRIST come again, but this time to the great universul human heart, not to the men of Judea alone.

Fearlessly the Truth is probing
Systems, time has rendered grey;
Bland hypocrisy disrobing—
Tearing Falsehood's mask away.

To attain this good, this great, this glorious result, let us all hope, and pray, and work,

P. B. RANDOLPH.

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APPENDIX.

That others may be benefited by my experience, the foregoing pages have been written; and that they, and all the world may be further benefited, I proceed to make public, several of the medicinal secrets, by means of which, as a curer of disease I have, in past years, been so successful.

No one with fair powers of observation and reflection, but must be convinced that the enormous amount of disease—the terrible drain of human life; the fearful harvests death continually reaps in our land; the innumerable consumptions, dyspepsias, and complaints which are peculiar to the female sex only;—indeed the entire catalogue now so prevalent, must be *constitutional*—hereditary from parent to child, in the form of taint and humor. It is well known that ordinary medicines will *not* drive these humors out. For seven years I studied hard, with all the powers at my command, to find what at last was obtained. My discoveries are worth millions of dollars; some of them I retain; others I give freely to the world. I kept them all till experiment, conducted on both sides of the Atlantic, fully proved their value. To the end of demonstrating this fact, I spent thousands of dollars, and travelled all over this country and Europe, experimenting as I went along, and that too, with a success that satisfied my soul that

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it had found out the grandest medical secret of the age, or at least one of them. The diseases most prevalent to-day are

CANCER, SCROFULA, LUNG COMPLAINTS,

Nervous, Liver, and Stomach Affections,

DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM,

And especially most painful and exhaustive diseases of the

REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEMS

of either sex, embracing Ovarian and other Tumors,

URETHRAL, VAGINAL PROSTATIC,

and other, still more fearful Ulcerations, all springing from one source, and *one only*—a deterioration of the higher fluids, and chronic disturbance of the dynamic forces of the human body. I claim the power to cure these diseases, and to restore the normal action of these physical forces by means of the following foreign herbs, or where these cannot be had, their American grown substitutes: 1st, The Neem or Margossa tree bark, botanically; Aradirachna Indica, a tree of the order Meliacea. Substitute—American Frost-wort, cistas canadennis. 2d. Cachinic root. Substitute, Culver's root, Leptandria Virginia. 3d. The Orchella weed of the Cape of Good of Hope. Substitute, Peony flowers. 4th, Babira or Green-Heart tree seeds. Substitute, Lark-spur seed. 5th. Imported India Hemp Capsules, or young leaves. Substitute, Violet Canker weed—viola rostrata. 6th. Flowers of the English Daisy plant. Substitute Marsh willow Charcoal. The substitutes can never be fully equal to the others, yet with either I will undertake to care any curable disease, and will guarantee success in eighty-five out of every hundred cases. They have cured the members of my family, and raised me from what all believed to be my dying bed, when all else had utterly failed; and with a skilful combination of the above, I have cured hundreds, and still am

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doing so. An additional article, and the best, for which there is no substitute, and which I hail as the greatest remedial agent in the world, is that which is known as Egyptian Dowame Mskh. The article has several uses, but its greatest and best is as an ingredient of a medicine of unparalleled efficacy. In what cases, will be stated when I present the formulas. The secret cost me too much money to permit me to give it away, yet I am willing to impart it for a fair remuneration.

People now are old at 50 years, instead of 100 as in the olden times; and the general average of life is 35 years, instead of 70, as it normally ought to be. That this state of things is the legitimate consequence of human folly, on the part of the people or their progenitors, there cannot be a rational doubt; and whatever will tend directly to repair these ravages, must prove an unqualified blessing. This thing I believe I have. As early as 1852, while studying and practicing medicine, I became satisfied that much more light was needed to render the Divine Art what it should be. I saw the absence, and felt the great need of what subsequently was discovered, viz: Postive medical agents, totally free from mineral or other deleterious substances;—agents that would act not merely chemically, but dynamically, and directly upon the disease itself in its very strongholds. I tried all the systems, and rejected all but the Anti-septic theory of cure. While in England I became acquainted with Dr. Evans, the greatest physician of that school in all Europe. By him I was put in possession of his great secret, and found that while his principal agent of cure, Acacia charcoal, was well adapted to the cure of disease in that humid climate, it was not suited to the finer and more nervous, high-strung people of my own country. It was a good billiary corrective, and absorbent, but did not possess other indispensable qualities. Therefore, while travelling through Europe, I cast about me, for a wood that would yield a coal as soft as the acacias, and as fine as that from the willows. At last I found

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this, and now have the best article ever yet produced. I now proceed to give the formulas, every one of which has cost me hundreds of dollars to perfect.

No. 1.—Take one ounce each of the herbs named, or their substitutes, and macerate for eight days in warm water. Then pour this water in a close vessel to keep. Take the herbs and pound them well, then slowly stir them up in luke warm water and strain. Mix the two waters together, and evaporate in a flat dish beneath the stove, till only one-eighth the quantity remains. Bottle it; add one pint Madeira wine, ten grains of iron phosphate, and two ounces loaf sugar. Two teaspoonfuls of this, taken night and morning, will cause

Scrofula, Humors, and Diseases of the Liver,

to fly like fog before the more the morning blast,

AND UTTERLY ROUT ANY CANCEROUS TAINT,

AND

CURE THE WORST SYPHILIS,

that ever poisoned human blood, or doomed innocent children to premature graves, under the mild names of "Scrofula" and "Salt Rheum." It has proved itself. The name of this preparation is

Humor Cordial.

Precisely the same ingredients, with three times the amount of iron, and one-fourth of an ounce of Dowam Meskh, together with one ounce of Jamaica ginger, constitutes the celebrated

LIFE WINE!

which is Formula No. 2. It is a delicious invigorating Cordial of astonishing power as a permanent Tonic and Strengthener. It is an absolute and perfect remedy for LEUCORRHÆ in the female, and its dreadful counterpart SPERMATORRHÆ, in the male. I know that some people will blame me for thus alluding to the victims of folly, carelessness, ignorance, or ungodly debauchery, but all objections must stand aside before

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the potent fact that these terrible ailments are as wide spread as civilization. A remedy for the fearful thing is needed, and in thus giving to the world freely, what has cost me years of toil, I feel, not only that I am doing a good act, but also putting a stop to much of the imposition practiced on the suffering and unwary, by unprincipled dabblers in medicine. The formula above given is a sure thing, and through it thousands who are driven to suicidal despair may be rescued from premature graves.

No. 3.—This formula is a great one. The medicine is beyond all question

The best Remedy ever yet Discovered

FOR

☞ WELL-SETTLED CANCEROUS HUMOR, ☜

Scrofula, Venereal Taint, hereditary or not;

FOR

LIVER DISEASE;

AFFECTIONS OF THE GLANDS,

STOMACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS,

BLADDER AND NERVES,

No matter how bad. Take of fine geehr, or flour-charcoal of Salix 3 ounces; powdered corn starch 2 ounces; conserve of guava or of roses, 2 ounces; loaf sugar 1 ounce; phosphate of iron, one-fourth of an ounce; Dowam Meskh 1 ounce. Mix into a fine paste, roll out, and cut cakes therefrom with a thimble; one of which is a dose, to be taken night and morning. The effect is magical. With this alone I have cured hundreds, and can do it again—persons abandoned as incurable.

No. 4.—Charcoal of Salix 1 part, pearl barley *ground*, 1 part; taken mornings fasting, and at night take a lemonade, *very* sour, and the limbs being bathed daily with acidulated water, will cure 95 in 100 cases of

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RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA,

and all the watery Diseases. These formulas, I maintain, constitute a Medicinal Battery, against which no disease can stand. They are *perfect* specifics for the diseases named; while those especially indicated are the only things I ever saw, that would positively, and unmistakably cure all diseases of the Reproductive System, in the female, from a Suspension of the Menses, to the most inveterate Prolapsus, Scrofula or Syphilidous Taint; and in the male, from a simple derangement, to the most fearful Spermatorrheæ and Impotence.

The secret of the immense success of these Specifics, and the growing demand for them, consists in the fact that they are compounded

WITHOUT THE AID OF CHEMICALS OR DIRECT HEAT,

Alcohol or Pressure, and consequently ALL their ELECTRIC and MAGNETIC life is retained and condensed, to be given up to the HUMAN FLUIDS, which they QUICKEN, ENERGIZE, VITALIZE and INVIGORATE; they thus furnish an ethereal fluid, which instantly assimilates with those of the body, rendering them and it, positive to disease. Indeed they

ARE THE ONLY KNOWN AGENTS

which attack disease directly in its strongholds, and cure, not by mere medication, but by force of their own DYNAMIC POWER. We thus lay claim to the discovery of

The Only True Method of Curing Disease.

There is no "guess work" or "perhaps" about the matter. We know what will cure and what won't.

I have satisfied myself that no one article of the Materia Medica is more worthy of regard than

ORIENTAL HEMP.

An extract of which I imported and keep on hand. 48 grains

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thereof, mixed with 100 of sugar of milk, divided into 128 equal parts, one to be taken every six hours, will cure the most inveterate STRICTURE, PILES, PROSTATIC and FEMALE DIFFICULTY. I have made arrangements with an importer to furnish me the very best Oriental Hemp, upon whose genuineness my correspondents may place implicit reliance. Persons who use this herb in medicated baths, as a poultice, or in any way, should beware of the miserable trash usually sold under its name. Above all, should they avoid the so-called "Extracts." The medicinal properties of this remarkable plant are *absolutely destroyed* by heat and Alcohol. They are literally worthless, for they are all prepared by heat. Procure the French or Egyptian extracts. I am the only person in this country possessed of the Egyptian formula for the extraction of the medicinal properties of this plant, and I will impart it to those who want it, if paid for my time in writing it out.

While investigating, and searching for a cure for the diseases named above, I also searched for their causes, and the means of their prevention. I found both ; and also made what I believe to be the most important discovery of the last 25 years, in a physiological point of view; I have caused this to be printed in a form compact and simple. No man, no woman, whether married or single, young or old, who values health, strength, beauty and *long life*, should be without that, which, from its peculiar nature, and inestimable value, is called

"The Grand Secret."

Here let it be distinctly and forever understood, that the information alluded to, and constituting it, is of a high, a noble, pure and philanthropic, as well as a medicinal and physiological character. It is sacred, and will yet save millions from *misery*, *early death*, and ruin. There is nothing morbid about it, nor is it intended to gratify—but it *is* intended to cure those who *are*. Why ? Because it is the keystone of the arch of

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health, social, moral, mental, and physical; and from its study, naught but manly, womanly, holy and serene purity, good, and excellence can come. Its cost is one dollar, and 3 red stamps, —a trifle,—while the secrets disclosed are well worth thousands to any *sensible* human being — and to such only will it, knowingly, be sent.

DRUNKENNESS.

The craving for Intoxicating Liquids is a DISEASE, as well as a VICE,—indeed more often the former than the latter.

I CAN CURE THE HABIT!

Utterly extirpate and remove the taste and desire for all ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS, and also the love of

TOBACCO!

By means PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

The Price of the article used is $2 and $3 a bottle.

The FORMULA for making it, is for sale, with the right to vend.

There is NO MISTAKE about the efficacy of this excellent Compound of Simples.

VICTIMS of these PESTILENT HABITS

Can now regain their liberty without suffering.

* * * * * * *

I desire the patronage of all who are sick, and want to get well. As a Physician, I have won the confidence of the people by fair and honest dealing, and fulfilling my duties to those who place themselves under my direction. My Consulting Fee is

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$2 to $5, for which I return medicine to that amount, with full directions and advice. I procure articles in my line, on Commission—

Trusses, Shoulder-Braces, Dumb Bells, Supporters, &c,

P. B. RANDOLPH, Boston, Mass.

MARY JANE RANDOLPH

is an Indian woman, descended from a long line of native "Medicine Men," and is thoroughly educated in her profession; the human system in health and disease, having been her unremitting study for years; beside which, her power of magnetic diagnosis is fully equal to that of any woman in this country. Her success in the treatment and cure of all Diseases peculiar to her sex and to Children, has been, and still is such, that she points to it with feelings of honest pride; especially in reference to

CANCER, DYSPEPSIA, LEUCORRHEA,

Falling of the Womb, Suppressed

Menses, Ulcerated Vagina, Intestines and Stomach,

SCORBUTIC AFFECTIONS, EVEN TO LEPROSY,

☞ Crooked Spine and General Weakness, Nervousness, Humors and Scrofula in any of its forms, even to the most fearful Syphilitic Taint.

to which, alas! many an honest woman is a victim and a sufferer, from the wickedness of their husbands. This is an unwelcome truth, but truth it is, nevertheless; (out of 256 cases of supposed leucorrheæ treated during the last year, 71 were clear cases of this fearful malady, in four different forms!) Mary Jane Randolph has her own medical secrets, which, com-

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bined with the invaluable preparations named in the foregoing pages, enables her to completely master the above diseases

Without the use of Poisons of any kind,

but by means of natural simples, applied after common sense methods. Ladies writing her, must clearly indicate their symptoms. They can, and should express themselves freely,—*telling the whole* story, no matter how painful, resting assured that no eye but hers will ever see their letters! In her they will find, not only a careful adviser and physician, but a *confidential friend*, to whom they may freely disclose their sorrows, in the certainty of finding relief, whether the patient be married or single. All questions may be asked her, and truthful, honorable, *human* answers will be returned. No woman, or married man who *respects* his wife—and there are, thank God, a few such—should be without the little brochure, mentioned in this pamphlet, under the name of "THE GRAND SECRET." To the wise it is indeed priceless.

All letters of consultation should contain three stamps and a fee of $2 to 5, for which that amount of medicine will be sent by express. If for consultation only, the fee is $2. Her facilities for the manufacture of her remedies, (all of which are prepared *without heat*) are not excelled. Address

MARY J. RANDOLPH,

Indian Doctress,

BOSTON, MASS.

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popular and cherished systems of current philosophy. The writer is a large-hearted man, who sees things from the stand point of Universal love and Charity, and whose Philanthropy is as broad and deep as his truths are high and holy. Probably no work of its bulk contains so much that is suggestive, so much that is provocative of thought; and no one can sit calmly down to its perusal without being refreshed thereby, nor can he rise from the delightful task, without feeling that he is both a better and a wiser man than when he began it, and this, be it known, is the highest encomium that can be bestowed on any book.

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